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ABSTRACT

The booklet, a report on state programs for education of migrant children under Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, is divided into 7 chapters: "The Horror and the Hope," "Scenes Behind the Tarpaper," "Who They Are: The Parents," "Who They Are: The Children," "The Schools: The Challenge," "The Schools: Accepting the Challenge," and "Some Closeups." The report briefly describes migrant educational programs in various sections of the country and the appalling social and economic conditions affecting the lives of migrants. Also listed are areas which reflect a need for more national coordination: (1) expansion of programs to include nonmigrant unemployed agricultural and seasonal workers; (2) more ways to interest and involve adult migrants in education; (3) bilingual, bicultural tests and curriculum materials drawn from the migrant life experience; (4) a new formula for computing the number of eligible students to be served by a state; (5) improvement in migrant home life--sanitation, nutrition, etc.; (6) stronger child labor laws to keep children from the fields; (7) more funds for preschool children, from birth to age 3; (8) better interstate coordination, exchange of teachers and techniques; and (9) more consideration for the strong possibility that many of the children may not grow up to be migrants, if for no other reason than the lack of demand for farm labor. (FJ)

CHILDREN AT

19/0

A report on State programs for the education of migrant children under title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act

THE CROSSROAD

DISCRIMINATION PROHIBITED—Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 states: "No person in the United States shall, on the ground of race, color, or national origin, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving Federal financial assistance." Therefore, the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, title I program, like every program or activity receiving financial assistance from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, must be operated in compliance with this law.

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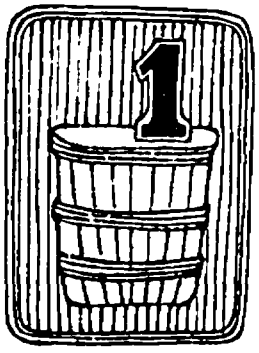


THE HORROR AND THE HOPE

Is there any hope for the children of the road? Is it possible, after all, to harbor any optimism about what will happen to them?

It would be easy to say no. The children of America's migrant farm workers are born into some of the worst poverty in this country. Their family income averages $1,400 a year and many, of course, make far less. But that's only the beginning of the afflictions of the children who live behind "the tarpaper curtain." They also suffer from illnesses such as rickets, scurvy, pinworms, nutritional anemia, acute febrile tonsillitis, and a dangerous protein deficiency known as kwashiorkor.

The children travel with their families in flat-bed trucks or converted school buses that seem to hang together with baling wire and usually have names painted on the side—The Cold Heart, the Bean Picker Express, the Bird Without a Nest. The family's worldly goods are often stuffed in a burlap bag or in an old bedspread tied at the four corners. There may be no meals for hours or days because few roadside eating places will serve migrants. Fewer still will let them use the toilet.

Usually they hardly know the language of the country they are passing through. The Mexican-American from the Rio Grande Valley is a foreigner in Michigan. So is the southern Negro in eastern Long Island.

Their minds and their spirits are the very personification of cultural isolation.

And yet Carlos learned what a "crazy old napkin" was for, one day in Colorado. And Luis learned to swim in Montana and led the class in the Pledge of Allegiance.

Ninety percent of these children never finish high school. They average a 4th or 5th grade education and the only reason most of them go that far is the practice of "social advancement," which means: "Why hold them back? They aren't going to learn anything no matter what grade they're in."

These youngsters go to work early in life. The legal age is usually 12 or 13, depending on the State. Actually, migrant children find themselves in the fields earlier than that. When the word is passed along that "it looks like rain" on a bright sunny day, it means the inspector is coming. The skinny, pot-bellied little wage earners are told to go play in the woods until he goes away. The only skill they develop is the ability to snap off a tomato at the stem or top an onion plant. Such skills have very modest economic value and, in a day of more automated farming, would have none at all.

In their home States, mainly Texas, California, and Florida, they live in rural slums with names like Tin Top, Black Cat Row, or Shelltown. They are there perhaps 6 months, perhaps 9. They leave in the spring, before school is out, to go "on the season." All summer they live in camps that are scenes of filth and abandonment.

A family may live in a space

of 125 square feet, within a row of frame or tarpaper shanties with tin roofs. There may or may not be electricity instead of the swaying kerosene lamp, but there is always water—a single pump or faucet in the middle of the camp, serving 40 families.

When a migrant family tries to remain in the North through the winter, it moves to a dwelling that is generally much worse—shanties with holes in the roof for water and holes in the floor for the garbage.

The children are born in such places, or in the buses, or in the woods. The old and not-so-old die in them.

Across the hills of western Tennessee raced a farmer named Bill Dement, a sick migrant child in the back seat of his car. When he got her to the hospital, where she had been refused admission earlier, she quickly recovered. The workers were so grateful that they shyly approached the big house, bringing trinkets. The farmer gave them a pig and joined in the celebration.

Jess Walker of Western Michigan University knows all about poverty. He has worked in the inner cities and in Appalachia. He says that the migrant children are "the most educationally disadvantaged children of the total segment of the population we have classified as educationally deprived or as disadvantaged." He also says that most educational programs "are still total failures for migrant children," that "we are just beginning and, unless we are able to make rapid progress, perhaps time will run out in migrant education. . . ."

And yet in Oklahoma, after a few weeks of special schooling, a 10-year-old boy increased his vocabulary from that of a 6-year-old to age 13. . . . In Greeley, Colo., north of Denver, two teenagers named Juanita and Mona left the stream forever and enrolled in Colorado State College, intent on becoming teachers. . . . In the State of Washington, 38 of the older migrant children spent 4 days camping in the glory of the Cascades wilderness. They fished, watched mountain goats graze, sang around the fire.

Hope for these children? Look at them. Some are wrinkled and worn, like ancient dwarfs. But most are beautiful, despite whatever afflictions they may have. The Mexican-Americans from Texas or California with their dark eyes and quiet dignity . . . the Florida blacks with their shining faces and indomitable mirth. Their faces are familiar. Yet they remain isolated, far from the mainstream of human life.

Dr. Myrtle R. Reul, who lived with the migrant workers on several journeys, describes how most people feel about these stoop laborers and their children: "There is an unspoken contempt for pickers. This contempt is expressed in many ways. It is there in making them wait for wages until it is convenient for the grower to pay. It is there in the way they are addressed. . . .

"The contempt is like an invisible wall. It is an aloofness which gives one the sensation of being unwanted."

The camps, of course, are hidden from view. They are in a clump of trees, or in a gully where the sight and smell of them will not offend the local gentry. The nearest town is probably miles away and the workers are discouraged from going there. Visitors to the camps, whether from schools or welfare agencies, are trespassing on the growers' property.

Some people have lived within a few miles of a migrant camp all their lives without knowing exactly where it is. They have read about it, perhaps seen photographs in the newspaper, but they have made a point never to go near it. And why should they? In the

course of normal daily life, there isn't much reason to visit Tin Town.

Two summers ago a group of 43 Florida teachers traveled up the Atlantic seaboard along the route taken by so many of their pupils. They saw where the children lived in the summer and were stunned. The next year the same group toured within Florida to see where the children lived at home and were equally stunned.

At the headwaters of the East Coast migrant stream, Florida Atlantic University, under contract with the Florida State Department of Education, held seminars all over the State for teachers who wanted to do a better job of teaching migrant children during their abbreviated school term. . . . At meetings in Arizona, Texas, and California, a committee of State coordinators began planning the Uniform Migrant Student Record Transfer System. A contract was let to the University of Arkansas Medical Center at Little Rock for the implementation of a computerized system. By 1971, the Center will be ready to flash academic and health data about a migrant child to any school in the country.

Any hope for these children? Theirs is a curious story, full of paradox. What are Mexican-Americans doing in the placid heartland country of Ohio or Michigan? What are Puerto Ricans doing in the Connecticut River Valley, or southern Negroes at the foot of the Adirondacks? What are they doing? Working at just about the hardest and dreariest job known to man. Stoop labor in the fields.

There are about 1,400,000 migrant farm workers in the country and probably 500,000 migrant children. Exact figures are impossible for many reasons. The isolation and wanderings of these people defy demographers. Farm labor reports are not accurate because there are tax incentives for the farmer to make low estimates. By their constant travels the workers usually manage to disfranchise themselves and they are covered by few State welfare laws.

There are three broad and intermingling "streams" of migrant labor in the United States. In the East, Negro, Puerto Rican, and a few white field hands harvest the strawberries, tomatoes, the potatoes of the reclaimed mucklands near the Everglades. The citrus in central Florida ripens from November to June, and by April or May it's time to move north, around Gainesville or Palatka, for the cucumbers or cabbage.

Then the route is up through Georgia for the tomato plants and peaches; into the Carolinas for beans, sweet corn, and other vegetables; into Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey for the asparagus, snap beans, limas, and peas; or to New York for broccoli or carrots; or Connecticut for tobacco or fruits. Some go on up to Maine for the apples in the south or the potatoes in the north.

The largest stream, including more than one-third of all migrant workers in the country, begins in south Texas. These migrants, almost all Mexican-Americans, harvest winter vegetables and citrus in the Rio Grande Valley, then move into the central or western parts of Texas to bring in the cotton and spring vegetables. They go on to some 30 States. They might move along the Mississippi Valley through the tomato and cotton fields of Arkansas and on up through the vegetable country of Illinois or southern Minnesota. They may turn East. Ohio truck farmers, with their tomatoes, sugar beets, potatoes, and strawberries, are one of the largest employers of Texas-based labor.

Another branch of this central stream moves through Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming, into the hayfields

of Montana and the beet- and beanfields of Idaho. Texas migrants sometimes travel both to the northwest and northeast.

The third migrant stream, also composed mostly of Mexican-Americans, stays largely within the borders of the immensely fertile State of California, where just about everything is grown in the valleys of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento Rivers and in the irrigated fields of the south. Some of the workers, however, travel on up to Oregon and Washington, and a smaller group begins in the cotton, melon, and vegetable fields of southern Arizona.

There is one final stream—the grain harvesters, 50,000 strong and mostly white, who take their high-priced equipment from Texas to Oklahoma through the Plains States and into Canada to harvest the wheat, oats, rye, and barley. But these are the "aristocrats of migrant workers," and they can afford to go in house trailers and stay at motels.

They travel, these Americans.

But they go to Vineland, N.J., not Atlantic City. They gather in Shelby, Mont., but miss Glacier National Park; or visit Rawlins, Wyo., rather than Yellowstone. They come from Homestead or Belle Glade, Fla., not Miami or Palm Beach. These migrant capitals may be perfectly fine places, but there is little doubt that the workers have all the hardships of travel and few of the benefits.

Is there hope for these children? They and their families have certain strengths:

They come to work. In a time of public dismay over rising welfare costs, the migrants work hard 10 or 12 hours a day and get paid only for the pieces they pick.

They develop responsibility at an early age. A lad of 14 can equal his father's income and surpass that of his mother. If he has had a little schooling, he may be the family's general overseer. One youth on the road in Alabama admitted that he worked in the field all day, served as family budgeteer, and saw to it that his sisters got to school every morning.

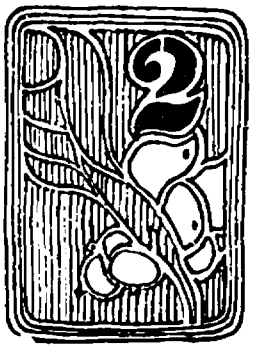
They contribute to the economy. Since many crops could not be harvested without them, the migrants are a big help to the communities where they reside, however temporarily, and however resolutely the community may ignore them. In Ohio, they are responsible for an estimated $90 million worth of crops annually.

They have special talents. Sometimes migrant children are surprisingly imaginative. Their art work is often fascinating.

They are proud. Many people dispute this. Farmers' wives who clean up after them express contempt for the migrants' habits and their way of life. But when the children come to school they arrive scrupulously clean, dressed in gay and charming clothes. And when the parents come to Family Night they somehow find time, after 10 hours in the field, to scrub themselves at the pump and put on clean clothes.

Hope for these children? Yes, there is much hope.

This special report tells of educational opportunities provided migrant children as a result of the 1966 amendment to title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. It is the story of the stirring of a Nation's conscience, of the beginning of cooperation among all levels of government and private groups, and of partial success in eradicating poverty and discrimination. ■



SCENES BEHIND THE TARPAPER

The great American tourist has trained his color camera on vast provinces of this country. But he hasn't seen everything. Here are a few of the eminently worthwhile scenes the tourist neglected in the last summer or two.

Northern California, to most of us, means San Francisco and the Redwood forests and an awed look at the wave-lashed coastline. The broad Sacramento River Valley is just something you drive through or fly over on your way to Reno or Squaw Valley. If you find yourself in the thriving agricultural community of Chico, in Butte County, you've obviously taken a wrong turn.

Migrants, however, come to this rich valley in great numbers every summer to harvest the plums, pears, peaches, and prunes, the tomatoes and the almonds. Two years ago some of the road-weary children found something new—schools. Under the new title I ESEA amendment for migrant children, California had moved swiftly to set up summer catch-up classes and regular-term programs throughout the State. The children in Butte County found young adults in the classroom who not only spoke their language but who were their own kind.

These college students formed the core of the California Mini-Corps (officially the Migrant Teacher Assistant Corps). It started in 1967 with 14 young people from Chico State, Fresno State, or San Jose State Colleges. All had come from disadvantaged backgrounds. They were to help the teachers in the summer classrooms and live with the migrants in the labor camps. The stated objective: For the children to be able to say to themselves: "He's a Mexican like me — his family is like mine — and he's a teacher."

At the start of their 2-week training period, the young men and women moved into the sad little houses many of them thought they had left behind forever. They worked all summer in the schools, on the playgrounds, in the workshops, and at the meeting halls. They explained teacher to child and child to teacher.

The next summer there were 100 mini-corpsmen in several counties. By 1969, there were 200. The project is only one part of the massive California push in migrant education, but it's a dramatic one. The corpsmen are teaching children that it is possible for people "like them" to become valuable members of society. They are teaching teachers, too, though there have been scattered conflicts between militant corpsmen and more conservative teachers. "Sensitivity sessions" have helped each group to understand the other a little better.

And the corpsmen are teaching themselves. Some have found a vocation. Almost all were inspired to finish their own education.

The interior of southern New Jersey is another place that tourists and weekenders visit only by accident. City dwellers who lose their way coming home from Atlantic City suddenly find themselves in a sleepy

countryside of thick woods and what at first appear to be small farms. Actually they're huge, but the fields of asparagus, tomatoes, or blueberries are divided by the uncleared forest and the roads, and the ground is too flat for sweeping views.

Pleased to find a genuine garden spot in the Garden State, the New Yorker or Philadelphian stops at a roadside stand to buy giant red ripe tomatoes the likes of which he seldom sees in the supermarket back home. He lingers under a giant willow or beside a planting of rhododendrons.

It is a pleasant area that happens to contain some of the worst slums in the United States. In those trees beyond that dirt road are rows of foul-smelling shanties inhabited by legions of listless and hollow-eyed children, the sons and daughters of migrants who have tried to leave the stream and settle here. The father, as likely as not, has reluctantly returned South so the mother can collect welfare payments.

Some of the camps for migrants are relatively habitable, small but solidly built of stone blocks. Others, more traditionally, are frame shacks that somebody has painted a sickly green. The largest town hereabouts is Vineland, and one of the signs of its growing urbanity is a sizable slum inhabited primarily by former migrants. Also in Vineland, however, are several symbols of the remarkable strides the State of New Jersey is making to ease rural poverty.

If, for instance, you had dropped by cheerful, modern John H. Winslow Elementary School last summer, you would have found groups of migrant youngsters in gaily decorated classrooms. Skilled teachers had been recruited for the summer school along with a vibrant group of young aides. On one door was a sign "Room 17—Happiness." Inside were bright displays of English and mathematics projects, plenty of clean, useful books and materials, and even soothing background music from a portable record-player.

The busy, darting man in shirtsleeves, known as el bosso to his students, was the principal, Fernando (Bud) Galzerano. The small dark man trimming the bushes outside was a picker named Juan who was trying to avoid going South with the stream. He was laboring mightily at odd jobs; the other day he planted 16 trees at the nursery across town in just a few hours. Migrants work hard in this life, and they can work even harder if they see a chance to build a new life.

Winslow was one of the best schools among the 16 in the New Jersey program of summer 1970, but it is by no means the only symbol of promise. There is the Micro-Social Learning Center of Dr. Myron Woolman, also in Vineland; and further south, near the coast of Delaware Bay, a young college professor named Gino Baruffi supervises another experiment using sensitivity training for teachers. And traveling all over that part of the State are the mobile units that have made New Jersey a leader in the vocational training of migrant youth.

For those who will look, there are many hopeful scenes behind the tarpaper curtain. Many of them involve tremendous individual effort. In Washington, in the small Yakima Valley town of Granger, a science teacher named Frank Davido decided that his little Latin charges needed some kind of nature study other than endless rows of fruits and vegetables. So he packed them in a bus and took them to the cool woodlots and gravel-pit pools along the river, teeming with birds, frogs, fish, tadpoles, snakes, and deer. On other days he took them to the clay pits above the town to observe scorpions and fossils. The children collected insects, rocks, and leaves and, back at school, the librarian was busy supplying books on animals, butterflies, and Indian artifacts.

The experiences seemed to improve the vocabulary of many of the children, but Frank Davido didn't push it. He stayed in the background and let them discover new ideas for themselves.

The kids didn't go home every night. Instead they went to the Davido family farm, four at a time, where Frank's mother cooked their dinner and made their beds. Mrs. Mildred Davido, a business teacher during the regular school term, had begun visiting the Mexican-American parents, getting to know them and asking if their children could come to an occasional pajama party. The children rode bicycles at her place, swung on ropes, and hung from bars in the backyard. The girls played with dishes and dolls and dressed up in clothes from the attic. The boys played basketball or caught pollywogs in the water box. Later in the evening it was time for word games like Spill and Spell, number games like Yahtzee, and then the children took their baths and blew their noses with real tissues, and brushed their teeth, and combed their hair.

Mrs. Mary Putnam is a primary teacher in Sodus, on the Lake Ontario shore of New York, near Rochester. Since most migrant children are far behind in reading and language development, she decided to provide them with some props. She made about 1,000 sentence cards, 600 sentence strips, 24 transparencies, 54 headbands for story characters, 200 word cards, three boxes of phrase cards (65 cards each), three boxes of pupil practice cards for vocabulary drill (500 cards each), three sets of sandpaper cards, and 150 reusable worksheets.

She also made 12 sets of cutouts of candy canes, cookies, and the like to illustrate the concepts of "small," "medium," and "large." She took pictures of the children demonstrating phrases like "jump over," "on top of," or

"around the corner." Because migrant children find it difficult to relate to pictures of objects, she collected more than a hundred real samples and models to teach sounds. For "b," for example, she had beads, a book, bottle, ball, bike, bat, balloon, bell, and models of a bull, a bear, and a boat.

In Roma, Tex., in the parched Rio Grande Valley which one-third of all American migrants call home, a shop teacher made an announcement to the boys in his class: "If you can pass my welding course, I'll get you a job in San Antonio—and the minimum for a welder there is $1.81 an hour." He had some takers, so he went to a junkyard and carted off some old autos. He bought materials, paying for them out of his own pocket, and started holding classes in the evenings, from just after dinner until 10 p.m. when the lights in the building had to be shut off.

The teacher was an "Anglo," but he spoke good Spanish. He knew he had to dramatize the English words for tools and materials for his Mexican-American students. Soon he had wired a large display board with the names of each object on it. When a student working at the console put the right name with the right picture, that spot on the board lit up. And if he got them all right, lights flashed everywhere and bells would ring.

In a week or so the boys were ready for their first real exercises in welding. They decided to make small metal crosses, which they took out to the cemetery the next day to place on the unmarked graves of their relatives.

Since then, many of these night students have become proficient welders and have said goodbye to the migrant stream.

There are other hopeful highlights. In one section of the Colorado plains, a community has made a point of inviting its visiting farm workers to use the parks, pools, and other recreational facilities. Just 2 years ago, the workers were shut away in their camps, harassed by police, and shunned by everyone else. Why the change? An intensive health and cleanup campaign, the opening of summer schools for the children, and an active goodwill committee from the town.

In the farm and tobacco lands of Connecticut, it's not always easy to recruit children for the summer school. In fact, it's not easy to find them. But the State education officials have organized teams of teachers to literally beat the bushes, dealing with indifferent parents on the one hand and suspicious growers on the other. Some of the camps are almost military, with high fences and forbidding "no trespassing" signs. But the teachers call on growers and sell them on the harmlessness, and the value to them, of sending farm youngsters to school.

"Many townspeople have given us tremendous response," a State report says. "They have opened up their homes to the children, and by so doing some have been criticized by their neighbors. . . . In a couple of instances these friends of migrant children have stood up to local officials in defense of the State program . . ."

Ohio is second only to Michigan in the number of central stream migrants that live within its borders for part of each year. It has a special challenge to meet because many families come to Ohio in late spring, go on to another area, and then return for fall harvest. Extra classes must be added at the beginning and end of the regular school terms. However, there are also special classes in the summer.

Tiffin and Portage sponsor preschool centers, Head Start programs, and migrant summer schools. Neighborhood Youth Corps members help with the clerical work and supervise playgrounds. High school girls volunteer to help.

In Rockford, there are industrial art classes for the boys and classes in which the girls learn cooking, baking, and dressmaking. Since migrant youngsters often marry at 15 or 16, there are sex education classes, one for boys and one for girls.

Central Washington State College bought 120 folk art objects—utensils, toys, clothing, etc.—that reflect the cultural characteristics of the Mexican people. They have been brought together at the Center for the Study of Migrant and Indian Education, located in Toppenish, and will go on tour to school districts across the State to exhibit the culture of the Mexican-American.

"Project Move Ahead" is a program developed in Las Cruces, N. Mex., in the cotton-rich Mesilla Valley. It uses radio broadcasts to help migrant children whose English is poor and whose Spanish isn't much better. The recordings, produced by Mrs. Alma Barbra, are heard in the schools at certain times of the day. Mrs. Barbra ties them in with other educational aids such as handmade puppets, homemade books, and artwork, and much singing and gameplaying.

"The children are deficient in language, but very rich in social skills," says Mrs. Barbra. "They have very warm family relationships. They know all about weddings, and family responsibility, and loyalty. We must build on the skills they have."

Does it sound as though each State and maybe each town is going its own way, trying its own experiments, testing its own theories? To some extent, that's how it is.

Each State has its special problems in terms of the migrants who come to work there and the environment they find.

Under title I, the States are free to devise and develop imaginative, refreshing, carefully conceived methods of helping severely disadvantaged children along the road to a first-class education. ■

WHO THEY ARE: THE PARENTS

"Twenty-five and we roll!" shouts the crew chief to the gathering crowd in the Negro section of a southern Florida town. As soon as 25 able-bodied pickers get their things and climb aboard, the bus will roll northward to a place where tomatoes and snap beans are "falling off the vine" and there will be good pay for all.

The crew leader, impresario of the migrant workers, is dressed in old, patched clothes —but sometimes the patches are sewn over perfectly good cloth. He knows how to identify with his clients. Haranguing the crowd beside his antique but brightly painted bus, he looks like some bizarre medicine showman out of a surrealistic version of the Old West. The people stand in the dusty street and listen and wonder if they can believe him—if they should hurry home and tie up their belongings and go "on the season" with this man.

Almost all of them will go with someone. The same thing has been happening for decades. The migrant system dates back to the late 1800's when a few Negroes were brought to the Northeast to work the fields. By 1930 the Negro migrants were a significant part of the labor force in New York and other States. Also by that date, thousands of acres of black muckland had been reclaimed in southern Florida on the edge of the Everglades. Winter vegetables were grown there and workers were drawn out of neighboring States where employment was low. More and more had to push North in the spring and summer months when jobs in Florida were scarce.

After World War II, Puerto Ricans joined the eastern stream. As farms consolidated, growing ever larger but fewer, demand for work gangs grew. The small family farmers were forced to the wall and many of them became migrants.

In the West, as late as 1880, nearly 90 percent of California's field labor was performed by Chinese coolies. Later, during the Depression, more than 200,000 dispossessed "Okies" and "Arkies" came out of the midcontinent Dust Bowl. Not until World War II did these depression-made migrants find their place in the economy of this country. Then they passed their lot along, like a pair of worn-out shoes, to the Spanish-speaking minority, who now comprise almost 90 percent of all the American migrant work force.

Today, hundreds of Mexican-Americans leave the Rio Grande Valley each spring to fan out over the country. And in southern California and Arizona the third stream of migrants are packing, too, heeding the call of some crew leader and wondering if they can trust him. Will he cheat them on wages? Are the crops he has contracted for ready to pick, or will they lose time waiting for them to ripen? What kind of camp will they find there?

For some few migrants it will be their first trip. Perhaps they have finally been forced off a sharecrop farm, or maybe the father has been laid off his job at a sawmill. They decide to try

farm work for a few months until they can save some money. But if they wait for that, they may be on the season the rest of their lives.

Then what can they expect? Nothing much that's good. State troopers may follow their bus or truck from border to border to make sure no one gets off. The man behind the counter at the roadside eating place may tell them to move on. The service station operator will fill the gasoline tank but may not surrender the key to the restrooms.

But hostility is nothing new to the migrant. He has been dulled by a lifetime of losing jobs and never being sure about getting the next one. The American virtues of success and ambition mean nothing to him because there is little chance that they will do him any good. Workman's compensation is something he hears others refer to, but it is not for him. He knows that, because of his traveling, he can't even vote. Ultimately, he becomes suspicious of the outside world that shuts him out.

The typical migrant (and they remain "migrants" under the Federal definition for 5 years after leaving the stream) shields himself from this isolation with his family. The migrant family is traditionally close-knit. There are always crowds of children, some of them brothers and sisters, some cousins, some apparently belonging to no one.

Yes, the migrants are productive—but half the children often die in infancy. Poor diet, unhealthy conditions at the camp, and the migrants' own attitudes toward medical and dental assistance contribute to the early deaths.

The migrant diet is almost never satisfactory, for reasons of both economics and eating habits. A study of 35 families at "home" in Florida found that their consumption of milk, green and yellow vegetables, and citrus and other fruits was inadequate. They may pick the vegetables and fruits, but they don't eat them. Their intake of meats and fish was adequate, but on the borderline; and their intake of starches, fats, and sweets was above adequacy.

Some Mexican-Americans believe that illness is sent by God as a punishment for sin and that immunization is therefore useless. They are terrified of surgery, do not believe in germs, and are too modest to disrobe for examinations by doctors or nurses of the opposite sex. They often believe in such things as evil air and an evil eye.

Housing is also a problem. In Portland, N.Y., near Buffalo, workers lived in a converted chicken coop, three stories tall, with no running water, rips in the walls, and windows nailed shut although they led to the only fire escape. Four hundred workers and their families paid $2.50 a person to live there. In eastern Long Island, the labor camp turned out to be a

converted duck coop. Other camps are made of old buses with the seats ripped out and some living facilities added. Many camps in the West boast of hot water, which means an open tank of water on the roof, exposed to the sun. And some workers live for a time in the "Date Palm Inn," which means that they camp out under the trees.

In many, if not most labor camps, children still lie three or four to a bed, in "rooms" fashioned by tying a blanket to the ceiling. Their daily playground is the wrecks of old cars slowly rotting in the sun, covered with dust, and with tiny footprints on the hood.

Some States try hard to enforce standards on the camps, staging unannounced predawn inspection tours and ordering violations corrected. Others give their housing regulations only lip service.

Occasionally, a lucky group of workers pulls around the bend and drives into what must be a migrant paradise—a new and modern camp. In the summer of 1969, for instance, 80 strawberry pickers and their families lived in a new $50,000 motel-like structure on the Al Horton farm near Bedford, Ky. Every unit had cooking facilities, and the showers, toilets, and laundry were quite adequate. A nurse was on hand, hired by the Trimble County Health Department. Buses picked up the children for school every day and also took them on field trips, including a boat ride on the Belle of Louisville.

There are other examples of improved conditions. In Winchester, Va., an apple growers' cooperative spent $50,000 for a new mess hall. Nearby camps in the Shenandoah Valley are mostly of sound construction, with hot and cold running water and flush toilets. But such everyday facilities are still only luxuries for most migrant families.

The common defense of growers who maintain substandard housing is that it does no good to clean things up or make repairs because the migrants "just don't give a damn" and will soon mess up their living quarters all over again. But anyone who has ever visited a certain section in the town of Immokalee, in the Florida Everglades, must know that migrant fieldhands can develop as much pride in their homes as anyone else.

Immokalee, "The Watermelon Capital of the World" and also the center of large lettuce, tomato, and celery fields, is the home of hundreds of workers for most of the year. Until recently they all lived in a typical shantytown full of rusting autos, trash, and stray dogs. Many have put in hours of labor toward the down payment on a home, through the federally-aided Self-Help program. Stroll through these workers' new homes and you will find trim lawns, flowers, fresh paint—and not so much as a softdrink bottle in the gutter.

Even with the pleasant living conditions that a few migrants enjoy, the migrant's life is one of hard, backbreaking labor for long, hot hours every day. Across the farmlands of America, he stoops and works, plucking the vegetables and fruits with the economical movements of long practice. Muscles ripple in his hands and forearms, but the rest of his body is weak and bent. He is paid for what he picks, a matter of cents per basket of tomatoes or bag of potatoes. On a good day he may make $5. When it rains, he doesn't work and doesn't get paid. He is not paid for the trip in the ramshackle bus, or when he has to wait for a crop to ripen.

For the typical migrant, nonproductive days outnumber productive ones by about 2 to 1. But he loses count. One band of migrants proudly told an interviewer they had been earning $90 a week on their last job. Questioned further, they recalled many days of lost time. Totaling up the figures in his head, the interviewer came up with an actual earning of less than $20 a week. He didn't have the heart to tell them.

The migrant's wife is in the fields, too. She probably wears a man's shirt and jeans under her skirt. Sometimes the knees are reinforced with a piece of inner tube. A bandanna is wrapped around her head, and she wears a straw hat on top of it. Occasionally, in parts of Florida, a tourist may pay her a dollar to pose for a picture.

And the children are there, too, picking legally or illegally.

Some migrants try to stay in the North, hanging on through the winter by odd jobs, then "day hauling" to the fields in the spring and summer.

Bill Bailey worked for 11 years as a migrant picker in the West and Midwest. Then, in Yakima, Wash., he got a chance to attend classes at Big Bend Community College under the Washington State Migrant Education Program. He showed startling aptitude and was quickly hired by a State migrant affairs group as local communications worker. He was sent to the town of Omak to help organize classes in basic education, welding, and typing —and to establish relations with organizations like the Chamber of Commerce.

The great majority of the people, however, continue to travel the same dreary trails. Will they continue all their lives? Some experts think they will have no choice.

At the New York World's Fair in 1964-65, one exhibit included a model of a vast farm that was virtually untouched by human hands. The farmer sat in a central control tower and pushed buttons. Many believe this is the agriculture of the not-too-distant future. About 700 of the Nation's 3,100 counties still use migrant farm labor at one time or another, but the patterns already have changed greatly. Some 90 percent of California's cotton is picked by automated equipment (the

"Red-Headed Okie" is the whimsical name of the best-known device). Ninety-five percent of the Massachusetts cranberry crop is machine-harvested. About 2,000 potato pickers were replaced by machines on Long Island in the decade from 1954 to 1964. There are machines that shake cherry and walnut trees; there are automatic onion toppers and even mechanical thumbs that test the ripeness of the fruit. New strains of tomatoes have been introduced to ripen all at once so that human inspection will not be needed. New varieties of fruit trees have been developed to withstand shaking by machine.

At present there is still a strong demand for human harvesters of soft crops and those that grow and mature irregularly. This demand may continue indefinitely if costs of new equipment cannot be brought down. On the other hand, the huge growing organizations that need migrants (3 percent of the country's farms hire one-third of all farm labor) are also the ones that can afford capital investment. The migrants may find, in a few years, that the calls of the crew leaders will no longer echo in the southern and border towns. No more will clusters of field hands be needed to bend along the rows, each group starting at opposite ends of the field to compete for the fruits of the soil. It may all be done by machines.

Perhaps any form of self-sufficiency will then be quite beyond the older people. But what about the young ones? What about that boy of 14, proudly checking in at the end of the day with as many 8-cent sacks of potatoes as his father? Will he and his brothers and sisters slide even deeper into the sinkholes of a society in which almost everyone else seems to grow ever more affluent?

Let us look more closely at these children and their chances. ■

WHO THEY ARE: THE CHILDREN

Americans are taking more children more places than ever before. And many youngsters seem to thrive on it. There's no doubt in my mind that travel is good for the child if he is reasonably adaptable and if his parents can maintain a sense of security.

—a New York pediatrician

Taking the family to Europe is no longer akin to crossing the plains in a covered wagon. Thanks to the speed and comfort of jet travel, crossing the Atlantic with the kiddies is no more a hardship than a Sunday outing at the zoo.

—an airline publicity release

But the migrants do not go by jet. Nor can their parents possibly "maintain a sense of security." No, the life of the migrant farm child is not cosmopolitan nor is it beneficial. Sitting on pine benches in a truckbed enclosed by canvas, they see nothing. In a bus or old car they get only fleeting glimpses of the houses and the towns.

Some miss the school they have had to leave a month or two before the end of the term. Others go to four schools a year —and hate them all. They hate the feeling of not belonging, the hostility of some of the other students, the irritated impatience of some teachers. And, of course, there are many migrant parents who do not encourage their children to go to school at all. What will they get out of it? And anyway, aren't they needed in the field? Even today, with many State educational programs reaching thousands of children who were never reached before, almost 90 percent of the schooling is below the 6th grade.

In the West, the migrant child is known for his politeness —quiet manners which at first delight teachers and then appall them as they realize that this reserve is only a dull docility brought about by isolation and fear. Some eastern children, on the other hand, are aggressive and present discipline problems. In either case, the child probably has painfully little experience with the world he's exposed to during school hours. The activities of "Dick and Jane" in a primary reader mean nothing. Some well-meaning attempts to recreate the migrant world also are unsuccessful. Stories about a little girl who "was so excited she could scarcely sleep" because in the morning she was going to pick beans are not very convincing to little girls who actually pick beans. More practical, but still potentially dispiriting, are the mathematical problems in which it is asked how much the family earns during the week if "your father earns $20, your mother earns $15, and your older brother earns $18."

They have a very special life style, these children. They store their belongings in a box under a bed or cot, and on a shelf made from an orange crate. Their clothes hang on a nail. Some of them have never eaten with a fork. They use their hands and sip from a bowl or pan. Most migrant children know by age 10 that they have a life of stooping in the fields

"Thomas Molina went to Florida. Nellie Rubio went to Pearsall, Tex.," reads the chart beside the map on the wall of an elementary school in McAllen, Tex. On the map are ribbons tracing the routes to Wisconsin, Illinois, Colorado. This is a geography lesson in a demonstration school in the Rio Grande Valley.

"Grandma's sending us a check from Florida for school clothes," a little boy with a bush of reddish-black hair assures the visitor at a New Jersey work camp. "Then I'll be at school." A crowd of more than a dozen children mill around the shiny automobile in the rutted driveway. Some of them ask what kids do at school. Others aren't much interested. None have shoes.

Some of the mothers in the battered frame cabins promise that their children will meet the school bus tomorrow. Today it looked like rain, and when the parents don't work in the fields, sometimes they don't see why they should send the children to school. One mother has changed her mind about the whole thing and isn't going to send her three children at all, even though they were signed up last week.

"To be frank with you," says the assistant superintendent of a Virginia school district, "out of 100 migrant kids, I doubt whether six or seven will finish elementary school. A migrant child goes into the fields with his parents when he's still very young. If he picks just one basket of beans a day, he's got that much money coming to him."

"The children used to hate to come to California because the first thing they had to do was roll up their sleeves and be inoculated," says a State Department of Education consultant in Fresno. "We had no way of knowing what had been done for them before. Now that we have a student

health and record transfer system, we can keep up with the youngsters." This particular community accepts the migrants, he adds. Twenty ranchers got together and built that Olympic-sized swimming pool next to the West Side School where so many migrants go. They managed to get it built in 41 working days, and they set up a community foundation to run it.

"Baby, I ain't spendin' my life in no bean field," snarls a black teenager who was taken out of school again this spring to go with his family up the road to the Carolinas. On the first night in camp, he disappears. . . .

"We were 18 when I was born, but there are only seven left. Last year we go to Wisconsin, then to Ohio, then to Texas. But this year I don't know where. Every year we go different places," says Luis Ardoz to an interviewer in Montana. Luis is 9 years old but looks more like 7. He is less than 4-feet tall and is very thin, but he can run fast. He has deep brown eyes, shaggy black hair, and affectionate manners. He does not own a toothbrush or a comb. He should be in the 3rd or 4th grade, but his reading ability is less than that of the average 1st grader in Montana. He cannot remember being examined by a doctor or dentist. His major duty in the family is to watch over younger brothers and sisters while his parents work in the fields.

"When she comes up to me, if she puts her arm around me and she smiles at me but I can feel her quakin' inside, I know that gal ain't for real," a 9-year-old black boy tells Jess Walker of Western Michigan University, explaining how he can tell whether a teacher really likes him or not.

"Hope is that the beans will last, the rats don't carry off your vittles, that nobody gets sick . . . that the water doesn't make the miseries, and that the next camp is just a little better," runs a composite picture of the emotions of the migrant mother in a book called **Child of Hope**, by Shirley M. Sandage, executive director of the Migrant Action Program in Iowa. And the father speaks: "Hope is that the weather holds . . . the job is there . . . the truck it lasts . . . the recruiter's word is good this year . . . the rate is what he said it was." And the boy: "Hope is when

you're a man . . . it's owning a good truck and having gas . . . Someday I'm going to read and write . . . Is there a world outside this truck? Is it for me?"

"These children learn at home. If we want to break the cycle, we must have sympathy with these children. We must teach them self-identity," explains Henry M. Gamboa, an educator from Tucson, Ariz. "When these youngsters are parents, they are going to strive for their own children. We can't keep sweeping their problems under the rug. We haven't much time."

"Mary Anne needs help desperately in all areas. Her social development at this point is almost nil. She eats with her hands, is very shy and withdrawn. She doesn't converse with other children but will answer questions." Thus writes a teacher in Springdale, Ark., making out a home visit card at the beginning of summer school.

Mary Anne is 7. She has haunting hazel eyes, and "The Road to Good Health" poster on the wall shows that she is 4 feet, 3½ inches tall, and that she weighs 57 pounds. She has a speech impediment and cannot read.

Mary Anne's father works at night. He is a chicken-catcher. His hands and arms are strong, but they bleed. He used to be a beanpicker in these parts, but now the harvest around Springdale is done mechanically. The family spent part of the year in Oklahoma, picking fruit.

Mary Anne's mother has six children by a previous marriage, some of whom are grown and live in her home State of Alabama. She herself completed the 8th grade. Some of her children have finished high school. She talks about settling down somewhere, for good.

In the special program at Springdale, Mary Anne did begin to move ahead. For example, she learned to balance herself while walking along a brick wall 4 feet off the ground, a feat her teacher said she would not have dared 2 months ago. Then one day she got to pin her paper doll on the chart in the classroom, because she had become a member of the lunchtime Clean Plate Club. On a field trip to the airport, a pilot lifted her into the cockpit. At the fire station, a fireman put his hat on her head and she laughed. ■

THE SCHOOLS: THE CHALLENGE

A few months after the passage of Public Law 89-750, more school doors swung open for the migrant child than ever before in the long history of agricultural labor. The law was passed in November 1966. It amended the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 to include migrants under the sections of title I concerning aid to disadvantaged children. The progams were to be federally funded, State administered, and locally operated—a three-way partnership. The Office of Education, in addition to approving the programs and supplying the funds, was to serve as a clearinghouse for ideas, consulting with State and community educators, making recommendations, passing along suggestions.

As soon as the amendment passed, programs were begun in 44 States, and before the end of fiscal 1967, some 43,000 migrant children were participating. Out of an allotted $9,737,847, a total of $7,981,490 was spent.

The three major home States moved quickly. Texas set up institutes to train teachers and administrators in the techniques of migrant education and also launched a teacher exchange program. Forty-two Texas teachers followed the children North that summer to 18 States where they served as advisers to local school districts. Meanwhile, out-of-State teachers came to the Texas institutes and at last a body of knowledge began to grow in this long-neglected field.

California expanded its migrant education from four counties to 66 and started several innovations, including its Mini-Corps. Florida attacked the age-old problem of lack of educational and health records for migrant children, cooperating with five other States to send identification numbers and standardized forms North along with each migrant child. This was one forerunner of the nationwide computerized record system that was set up in 1969.

Other States rapidly set up programs. Colorado finally had the funds to implement a migrant education plan designed in 1959. New York experimented with a demonstration school with as many adult volunteers as children, so that for part of each day one child and one teacher would each have the exclusive attention of the other. Oklahoma set up a workshop to instruct teachers in conversational Spanish. Arizona developed a no-textbook approach to help solve the problem of irregular attendance and late enrollment. And Wisconsin held remedial reading classes in the evening for older children who had to work.

At the end of that first year of crash programs, the States evaluated what they had done and what the problems were. In Washington, D.C., the five major needs were identified—language training, health and medical care, cultural development, self-image improvement, and nutrition. These were attacked in 1968 by 45 of the 47 States eligible under the law and a total of $41,692,425 was allocated.

The allocation for 1969 was $45,556,074, and in 1970 it totaled $51,014,319. The first broad onslaught on this worst of all American educational deficiencies was in full swing.

This was no burst of "do-goodism." It was a cool, calculated—though complex—effort put forth by thousands of professionals at the three levels of government. It has led to nothing less than an educational renaissance, and experts predict that for every dollar spent on the program today, at least $25 of welfare and other expenses will be saved in 10 years.

Just how does the program work? What is it like in a typical classroom for migrant children? Or is there any such thing as a typical classroom? It is true that each State has its own special problems and its own way of trying to solve them. The many host States are interested in summer sessions to help young visitors catch up during a brief sojourn within their borders. They also try during the regular term to help children whose parents had been migrants but are trying to make a new life in the host State.

The home States work toward a concentrated program for migrants during the regular school year so that they can keep pace even though they leave before the spring term ends and return after the fall term begins. But California, with its great intrastate migration, must work on the problem from both ends.

Nevertheless, with all the diversity of need, theory, and practice, it's possible to look in on some fairly typical scenes.

Go back, for instance, to that first summer in central Michigan. Visit towns like Sheridan, or Alma, or Six Lakes and you find dozens of bright-eyed Mexican-American children coming in on the same school buses and enjoying the same full school facilities as those used by the regular students during the regular term. Some school boards, around the country, used to lock up the library or otherwise restrict the summer school operations, but few do that now. In the 6-week session in Michigan, the farm children are getting pinpoint attention from the teachers and young college student aides.

Girls are being taught in one room how to make gaily patterned kerchiefs that could be the start of new wardrobes. In another class, the children are viewing a "Little Toot" filmstrip and drawing boats from what they see. Elsewhere a blockbuilding tournament is in progress, with Letitia stacking 13 and little Sofie beating everybody with a tall tower of 23 blocks that finally comes crashing down amid shrieks of laughter.

Tiny Ricardo holds up his fingers to show he is 5 and thus belongs in the preschool class. Gloria receives her first toothbrush and learns to use it. The older boys make shop aprons and work on bicycle parts brought in by townspeople. All the children have breakfast, lunch, and a full day of activities from 8:30 to 3:30. Each Friday is Parent's Night and the families come in, only a few at first but more later on, to see films of their children at the school, learning and playing. The citizens of Michigan are invited to drop by, too, and see what is being done with the tax money. Quite a few accept the invitation.

Now it's a year later, the summer of 1968, and we're in a place called Mappsville on the eastern shore of Virginia. The sign in a classroom says, "We Will: Play, Listen, Sing, Talk, Share, Study, Love, Relax, Take Trips."

One child has learned how to read cursive writing and her teacher is hoping others will follow her lead. But most classes are avoiding hard academic subjects. "These children have had quite a bit of failure in the past," says Superintendent Philip B. Tankard. "Our purpose is to improve their self-esteem and self-image so they can say, 'I am somebody and I don't have to fail.' " Some of the children have developed possessive streaks, jealously guarding their school materials from the others. But they are beginning to settle down to group games. Physically, one teacher reports, they are "much more coordinated" than other children.

Still another summer: 1969 in Milan, Tenn. Here you find a group of 30 children in a special kindergarten, learning basic English, personal hygiene, and something about American culture. These are the children of the workers recruited in Texas by farmer Denton Fly for his tomato growing and plant operation here in western Tennessee. Each winter Fly journeys to the Rio Grande country to visit the migrants and to make sure they come back to his place in the summer. This is a happier group than most. Mrs. Olga Ascoli, an Argentine who moved here with her husband some years ago, helps break through the language barrier. The children must be coaxed to eat peas and carrots instead of just bananas and spicy Latin foods, but they "clean up their plates better than most children."

Each local school program then has its own headaches and triumphs. But certain problems are common to all:

Getting teachers is the first one. Most States have no shortage of teachers who want summer jobs. But which of those teachers are willing and able to give these special children the special help they need? How many of them have the compassion and understanding as well as the experience and skill? If there is one thing a disadvantaged child of any kind can spot, it's an adult who is not "for real."

In the well-coordinated New Jersey program, Director Westry Horne is insistent that teachers be carefully screened

and trained. Applications have to be in by September for the following summer, and Sal Tronco, the field director, drives all over the State to talk personally to many of the more than 500 applicants. Training begins in the summer with a 1-week workshop.

In Connecticut, according to a report by Dewey McGowen, Jr., of the Division of Instructional Services, "The teachers faced all kinds of situations which were not anticipated. They had to leave the protective cocoon of the school classroom and venture out into the unknown."

At the opposite corner of the Nation, Florida Atlantic University has established a Migrant Education Center which, in turn, sets up problem-solving consultation with school districts throughout the State. New "products" are developed, such as test batteries for migrants. And in the summer there are seminars for teachers whose migrant students are up the road at the moment, but will be returning in a few months with all their burdens. A new interest in migrant education is spreading across Florida and more teachers, like those who followed the stream in the summer of 1968, are making personal contacts at the labor camps.

"The basic qualifications of the good teacher of Spanish-speaking children," writes Herschel T. Manuel of the University of Texas, "are precisely those of other good teachers—superior native ability, mastery of subject matter, understanding of human

principal, one of the directors of classes at the Pasco District summer program.

"Oh, I love principals," said Judy. And she threw her arms around this one.

Getting teacher aides is another problem, because the States are determined to have a large enough staff at each school so that every child gets a wealth of individual attention. And in heartening ly frequent instances, recruiting unpaid volunteers turns out to be no problem at all. In Las Animas, Colo., one summer, 16-year-old Sue Nell Scharf worked in the office of the school and helped out in classrooms whenever the need arose. She says she didn't mind receiving no paycheck and that, furthermore, she wasn't serving strictly for humanitarian reasons. Since she plans to teach kindergarten some day, her summer with the migrants from Texas will give her valuable experience.

In Capac, Mich., 16-year-old Mark Van Poppelen, who usually helps out in his father's drugstore, took off 7 weeks one summer to help operate the audio equipment in the migrant school. Janie Nino, 17, takes Spanish during the regular term so she will be of more help in the summer. Mrs. Nick Villalponda works in the kitchen. Twelve teenagers from the American Friends Service Committee come in from Chicago, New York, and Boston. Local religious groups volunteer to teach afterschool Bible classes.

Many States recruit aides from the migrant camps—usually mothers or older sisters of the students. On the Eastern Shore of Maryland, a teacher remarks, "I don't know how we could have managed without them. During the first week of school migrant children are very shy. The migrant aide was really our only contact with the children. They went to the aide instead of to me."

These women collect the children in the morning, ride the buses with them, dry the tears of those who are frightened, monitor manners at mealtime, and often interpret the child's dialect. One aide in Maryland is a 16-year-old boy who puts in longer hours than anyone. He says he will finish high school some day—and be a teacher.

In Bloomfield, Conn., mothers of the children are hired to work as dietary aides in the kitchen and teachers-in-training in the classroom. Twice a week they go to adult education classes and the goal is to have them pass the high school equivalency examination. They're paid about what they would have made in the fields—but after one basic English class a mother sighs and admits that picking vegetables is easier than "doing this brain work."

Involving parents is part of the larger and primary problem of recruiting the children. This is a difficult, at times discouraging, job in the summer programs, all of which are strictly voluntary. First one must overcome any hostility on the part of the growers in order to visit the camp on their property. Then the recruiter may have to get past the crew leader, persuade the parents, and, finally, the children themselves.

Just locating the children can be a problem. In 1967, Connecticut sent out teachers and Community Action Agency people to find enough children to justify classes. Then, when everything was ready, they found that many of the families already had moved on to their next stop. Now Connecticut has a statewide reporting system in which teams of teachers comb the tobacco fields and truck farms to find every eligible child.

In Northhampton County, Va., teacher G. T. Allen finds the crew leaders surprisingly responsive when he contacts them in the 67 migrant camps in the county. "They're very convincing," says Allen. "They

say, 'Yes, yes,' but then not many children show up." And Allen makes his rounds once again.

"I found I had to visit the homes at least three times to convince the children and their parents that we were anxious to have them come to school," says a teacher in Somerset County, Md. "The parents wanted to dress their children properly. This was one reason for such low attendance the first week."

In Caroline County, Md., about 40 percent of the children one year were given clothes for school—mostly shoes and underwear. In Wicomico County, a father promised to send his son to school just as soon as he got a haircut and new clothes—which the father would take care of himself. He kept his word. In another town, the principal of the winter school made the rounds with the summer school director, dropping into migrant camps and chatting about tomatoes and cucumbers before making a pitch about school.

In New Jersey, school recruiters got a great deal of help one year from a man who had been a migrant crew chief before pulling himself out of the stream. He tackled the tough jobs, talking to parents who were disinterested or hostile. The next year, he recruited children through contacts down South, before they arrived in New Jersey.

Colorado's program calls for extensive use of a family contact—"a Spanish-speaking, highly empathetic person" who visits the families throughout the summer and provides liaison between school and community.

New York's handbook for educating migrant children outlines a good standard procedure for recruiters: First, contact the growers in late winter or early spring. Ask them to inform the crew chiefs—before they bring the families—that school will be a part of the picture this year. This can

be a selling point in recruiting workers. At the same time, get the cooperation of the Department of Labor, farm cooperatives, community officials, action groups, and religious organizations. When the families arrive, the school director and teachers visit the camps, prepared to explain the purposes and advantages of the school.

"It is advisable to leave written information with the families, such as the opening date of the school, the bus schedule, and identification tags for the children," the guidebook continues. "If possible, vital information about the children such as age, birthdate, grade, health, and inoculations should be secured so that tentative class lists can be formulated.

"In addition to discussing school, these visitors should be willing to talk with the migrants about any of their problems and offer assistance if necessary. This may mean helping to get doctor and dentist appointments, finding out about adult education classes, etc."

Recruiting continues, in a way, throughout the summer terms, because the children must be resolc on attending every day. If an older child feels uncomfortable or unwanted, he'll come home and tell his parents. "We feel the same way," the parents might say. "Maybe you should come work in the fields with us."

But the programs are having a cumulative effect. Parents who were delighted last year, especially about the medical and dental care, will tell others and make the recruiting job easier this year. Once children are exposed to a good program, most want to return next season. Some States, recognizing the pressures on older children to contribute to the family income, have scheduled evening classes. Wisconsin holds 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. courses in typing, home economics, driver education, English, and physical education. Louisiana holds afternoon classes for older children who work in the mornings.

With imagination and hard work, the children and parents are lured into the schoolroom. And now, inside, how are the stated goals being met? ■

THE SCHOOLS: ACCEPTING THE CHALLENGE

At the end of the first year of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, title I programs for migrant children, the States submitted their reports to the U.S. Office of Education in Washington. From the descriptions and evaluations, it was easy to define the five most pressing needs of migrant children:

1. Language training
2. Proper health and medical care
3. Cultural development
4. Improvement of self-image
5. Proper nutrition

Language Training

For the Mexican-American child, especially those on the west coast, English is a second language at best, no language at all at worst. Puerto Ricans in the eastern stream face the same language barrier as do the southern Negroes, to a certain extent. One little boy in New Jersey didn't understand what his teacher meant by "carry one" in a math problem. Finally the light dawned: "Oh, you mean tote one!"

For years, Texas had forbidden the use of Spanish in the classroom, but new studies showed it was helpful to use Spanish as a tool for instruction in English. In McAllen, the teaching of English as a second language became a demonstration project, the model for bilingual programs throughout the State. This H-200 series, as the method is called, was soon being taken North with the consultant teachers from Texas.

In Michigan, meanwhile, a State agency called Foreign Language Innovative Curriculum Studies (FLICS) developed another method of teaching English as a second language. It involves the teaching of oral English and oral Spanish to remove language handicaps of children in the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd grades. Foreign language teaching techniques are used and the language content is interdisciplinary, drawn from early mental development tasks that stimulate intellectual development.

Many approaches are being used in classrooms throughout the country. One widely used device is the Language Master, through which words pass before the child's eyes as he hears them spoken. Another useful tool is the take-home kit for the whole family.

In Berlin, Wis., the kits include six wooden boxes, each containing tape recorder and tape, filmstrips, film and viewer, studyprints, paperback books, paper, and pencil. Each of the six boxes has a theme: Plants, animals, weather, health, family life, community life. Instruction on the tape is in English and Spanish. Once a week each student takes one of the kits home overnight. To date, not one has been lost or damaged.

Virginia Johnson, a teacher in Wolcott, N.Y., who has worked with migrant children for several summers, recommends role-playing for language development. "Ask a child how he feels about a teacher and the response is probably silence," she says. "But when a group of these children role-play a scene in which one of them is the teacher, you'll find

out a great deal about the child's concept of teacher."

Continues Miss Johnson: "In trying to help a child become a better reader, the teacher should first find out all she can about him. Standardized tests are one way, of course, but so much time can be spent testing that you don't get around to the task of helping. It's important to begin to teach reading as soon as possible. A teacher can quickly determine the child's approximate reading level by asking him to read from a booklet that you can make yourself, containing sample stories and vocabulary and several sequential reading levels."

In the Othello School District of Washington, the children start picking words out of their own background early in the morning, when they're most alert. The words are printed on a tagboard card and, as soon as they know three or four new words, the games begin. The teacher calls for a word and the children pick it out. Or the tagboards are mixed and each little student reclaims "his" word.

When 20 or so words are stored up, the child is given some action words like "run," "jump," or "climb," and he begins to form sentences. A giant picture dictionary becomes the "experience chart." When one 6-week session ended, the children were just getting into genuine sentence-building. The next year, it was decided, they would work with words two periods a day instead of one.

In Montana, some of the younger children are shown pictures, a film, and read a story—all about boats. Later, in art class, they make their own boats and, still later, in physical education, they sail the boats in a wading pool. At the conclusion, they've learned many new words and language skills from their fun and games. Soon they're speaking into tape recorders, hesitantly at first, then with growing assurance as they hear audible proof of their advancement.

A mobile library unit is used for language development in Michigan. It is driven by bilingual librarians who spend up to a day at each school. The children come into the bus to hear records and see filmstrips. They can check out books and the teachers can borrow filmstrips. In Oregon, a vehicle called the Migralab visits schools to give migrant children specialized instruction. Two teachers travel with the bus. One goes into the school to take over a class so the classroom teacher can bring her migrant children into the Migralab for lessons conducted by the other touring teacher. There are eight study carrels inside.

In Altus, Okla., the younger children work with Show and Tell equipment and are told stories in English and Spanish by Lucy Aguero, a sophomore at Altus Junior College and a migrant herself until she was in

the 8th grade. The older children use an opaque projector, controlled reader, movie projector, and two record players to help them recognize and use English words and to write stories and lessons in English. And in Lynden, Wash., Dr. Eunice Faber says of her children: "They were afraid to use English and ashamed of using Spanish, so they often wouldn't say anything at all." But soon they are coming out of their shells. "They need English," says Dr. Faber, "but it is also important to see that they not forget their Spanish. We try to instill a pride in them in knowing both Spanish and English."

The Montcalm District of Michigan gets around the shortage of bilingual teachers by organizing a team to travel from school to school, staying a week at each site. There are two bilingualists, one expert in speech mechanics, and one banjo-strumming music teacher who teaches songs in English and Spanish.

After a lively game of ball in Point Clear, Ala., the teachers are trying to get the children to calm down and come back to the classroom. "Sandra, what is the Spanish word for quiet?" a young teacher asks diplomatically. "Shut up!" Sandra shouts, scurrying into the building with her laughing friends.

Health and Medical Care

The first Federal law ever passed specifically affecting migrants was the Migrant Health Act of 1962. Later came legislation for crew leader registration and appropriations for day care, education, housing, and sanitation programs as part of the Economic Opportunity Act. But State residency requirements very often excluded migrants from free community clinics and services. Health remained a pressing need.

When physicians screened the children in the first summer program in Connecticut, they discovered hernias, eye, ear, nose, and throat problems, heart and skin conditions, and tuberculosis. One child apparently had been molested; State police were notified and the molester was arrested and convicted. There were immediate referrals and treatments for all ailments, and the cases were followed up by home visits and talks with the head of each household.

Public health nurses and doctors in all parts of the Nation were coached about such special problems as the folk beliefs of the migrants. Quite soon actual medical progress was being made. By August 1967, about 110 private or public community organizations were using migrant health grants to help provide medical, nursing, hospital, health education, and sanitation services. Records of inoculations were being kept with increasing care and diligence, with simplified forms more easily understood by the parents. Health records are now becoming a part of the new nationwide record transfer system being programed on the computer in Arkansas.

Yet the Federal Government continues to spend $12 a year on health services for the average migrant, compared with $200 a year for other citizens.

Cultural Development

The migrant child usually has lived in many States, perhaps all over the country. However, he knows nothing of the streets and shops of New York, the amusement parks of Florida, the settled town life of the Midwest, the culture of New England, or the outdoor sports of California. All States look pretty much alike to him—a cluster of dirty shacks amid endless rows of fruits and vegetables, with a dirt road leading away from the camp to some unknown parts where the great world lives.

Can the migrant child be made to feel that he is a part of the United States of America? The first step is to show him some of the places he has never seen. Since the title I migrant program began in 1967, migrant children all over the country have been taken to hundreds of restaurants, factories, ballparks, historical shrines, museums, recreational areas, galleries, theaters, and just about every other point of interest on any tourist's itinerary.

They have seen the whaling ships and the living maritime history of Mystic Seaport, Conn., and the restored colonial village of Old Sturbridge, Mass. They have seen the battlefield of Gettysburg, Pa., and the Daniel Boone relics of Frankfort, Ky. They have seen the fire chief of College Place, Wash., drive up in his firetruck and invite them aboard. And they have been to Candlestick Park to see Willie Mays and the San Francisco Giants.

Many Connecticut teachers took groups of children to their homes. On field trips they bought inexpensive box cameras for the children so they could capture scenes to talk about later—and reinforce language. In Virginia, films were shown of the kitchen equipment and other appliances common in middle-class American homes.

Jerry Christian, a teacher in Greeley, Colo., took 70 of the older boys and girls on a 2-day trek to the peaks of Rocky Mountain National Park. A large camp ground was rented and each camper was provided with a heavy-duty paper sleeping bag. The young people planned menus, studied maps, figured mileages, and calculated expenses. In the evening they gathered around the large fireplace in the main lodge for skits and singing. It was not much like the kind of camp the children were accustomed to at "home."

There was a lot of hiking going on in the State of Washington, too. Teacher George Rapozo took 39 youngsters from the Moses Lake School to a resort called Tall Timber Ranch, high above

Lake Wenatchee at the gateway to the Cascades Wilderness area. On the way, they toured a fish hatchery at Leavenworth, Wash., and were greeted with ceremony by the Alpine-costumed Leavenworth High School Bavarian Band. On the way home, the children visited the operations of the Peshastin Lumber and Box Company.

They were at Tall Timber 4 days, watching loggers at work, chatting with forest rangers, singing at the campfire, or just gazing at the majestic peaks all around them. They also visited a hummingbird ranch. And each child planted a seedling pine on a mountainside that had burned.

In Hobart, Okla., Mrs. Allie Marie Hobbs planned a day-long trip to the State capitol, the zoo, the historical society building, and one of the best restaurants in Oklahoma City. In Mendota, Calif., the children took pictures on field trips and developed them in the school's darkroom. Children in Bay City, Mich., visited a dairy. In Tiffin, Ohio, others saw the Community Theater production of "A Story of Hiawatha."

The hit of the school at Timnath, Colo., was a poultry incubator on loan from Colorado State University. "Here comes another one," a little boy would shout as each chick hatched. Later in the same district, a class of older girls had lunch at a restaurant in Fort Collins—and 12 of them had their first appointments in a beauty shop. Nine-year-old Velma Grimaldo refused to go out for recess the next day for fear of disarranging her soft dark bangs.

Is the American culture "taking" with the children? The answer will come in the form of what they do with their lives. Certainly there is a beginning of sophistication. When an Illinois teacher held up a glass of orange juice and asked her class, "If this were Kool-Aid, what flavor would it be?" a small boy responded: "Pre-sweetened."

Improvement of Self-Image

If the migrant child's great need is "to experience success," what can be done about it? This is easily the most difficult aspect of the entire program, rooted as it is in complex variables of psychology and immense layers of social and economic handicaps. The problem is far from being solved, but it's being worked on with ingenuity in many places. Here are a few examples:

In Wisconsin, where supervisor C. F. Baime tries to make education a "highly charged experience" or a "happening," the instruction is deeply involved with music, art, and creative dramatics. The arts, says Baime, provide "an atmosphere of individual achievement where no one can fail because each gives only what he can."

For example, the children in North Cape made a mural of what they thought a circus would be like before they saw one. When the circus came to town, the children went to see it and made another mural with their newly-found knowledge of what it's really like under the Big Top. Younger children in the school interpret their own stories, with the teachers working history and geography into the lesson in an unstructured manner. The older children are taught reading and creative writing.

Advises Virginia Johnson of Wolcott, N.Y.: "One of the teacher's first goals should be to see that these children experience success as soon as possible. Perhaps success is attained simply through helping a child learn to recognize and name different colors, to tie his shoes, or write his name. Each child must be taught on a level that will insure success."

In the Las Cruces, N. Mex., classroom of Mrs. Zelma Isorio, the children pull up their chairs and form the "magic circle." They invite the visitor to join because it's sad to be left out. Now the children all sit down in their circle and they say whatever comes into their minds. The only rule is that only one person may speak at a time.

"We talk about things that are important," a girl explains to the visitor.

"Why are you important, Anna?" asks Mrs. Isorio. "Why do I like you?"

"Because we are friends," says Anna.

The children talk of many things—their travels, their families, their inner thoughts. No matter what they say, approval is given. "All experiences in the magic circle," a teacher later explains, "are experiences of success."

Back in 1967, New Jersey tried to get some 12- and 16-year-olds out of the fields by paying them $20 a week to come to school for 3 weeks. Along with academic and art studies, they were coached in manual skills. The girls selected patterns and materials and learned to make dresses. They also made a blueberry pie literally from the ground up. They picked the berries, selected the recipe, baked, served, and helped eat the pie in the school cafeteria. The boys did woodworking, dividing their labor for mass production and, at the end of the course, each boy had a small bench to take home. Out of this experiment grew many of the ideas now used in New Jersey's outstanding vocational training program for migrants.

Teachers in the Hartford-Bloomfield District of Connecticut have used "mini-lessons," designed to work on some specific difficulty (such as phonics) and correct it quickly. The Connecticut teachers also use the principle of "total immersion"—associating with their charges on the bus, at breakfast and lunch, in the classroom, on the athletic field, and on trips.

But the most successful part of the operation has been in "the social and emotional sphere," one teacher reports.

"Children have found adults willing to take the time to show them new sports, put an arm around them to show approval of a newly mastered task, or sympathy and understanding in case of fear or uncertainty. . . . When I see a child, as I have in my own class, progress from almost complete withdrawal to the point where she will come up and smile, put her arm on mine, and ask a question, then I have a genuine feeling of success for her."

The summer school in Caroline County, Md., ends with an evening program. The weather is warm and the parents are working on double shifts, so there's real concern about how many are going to show up. But by 7:30 p.m., about 150 parents have arrived and the children are ready to take the stage.

A corps of young dancers does a "creative dance," lithe and pulsating. Another 1st grade group offers choral speaking about "The Old Gray Goose." A 4th grade class reports very seriously on the investigations of their weather science study group. But a 3-year-old named Henry, playing one of the lead roles in "Mary Had a Little Lamb," looks out at the audience and quietly announces that he cannot sing tonight. He walks slowly off the stage, a stricken Caruso—then tries to crawl into the storage space under the floorboards.

By the time the show is over, more parents and older brothers and sisters have arrived and are crowded around the doorway to the auditorium.

Proper Nutrition

At school the children get good, nourishing food—hot lunches and midafternoon snacks and, depending on the age and enrollment, breakfast. Costs are kept in line. New Jersey, Connecticut, and other States provide the food from surplus commodities, trucked to each school from the State commissaries.

But a balanced diet is strange

to many, if not most, migrant children, and few habits are so difficult to change as eating habits. For generations the migrants have been eating unwisely even when they could afford better. Maybe it is just that they're sick and tired of seeing fruits and vegetables all day. Whatever the reason, they don't ordinarily eat them. So the children must somehow unlearn their old diet and take on a new one.

At Timnath, Colo., there was a tasting party arranged by members of the 4-H Club. "Everyone takes some" was the rule. The children nibbled warily on avocado, fresh pineapple, cherries, lettuce, cabbage, grapefruit, cauliflower, and other fruits and vegetables. They voted on their favorite, and grapefruit was the winner in a close race.

The dietitian at North Windham, Conn., understood that her charges had had no experience with cereal and milk for breakfast or meat and potatoes for lunch. She was determined to break the language barrier of food and also to use food to reinforce the academic teaching in the classroom.

Small groups of children were brought together in the kitchen or sometimes outside under a shady tree. The dietitian would prepare simple foods with the assistance of the children, who would measure and count ingredients. They baked muffins and biscuits wrapped in cheese. They made banana bread, gingerbread, cookies, and raisin bread. They used the blender to make breakfast drinks with milk and fruit.

The old ways were not forgotten. Once or twice a week a Mexican lunch was prepared and served with one of the children's mothers as special consultant.

Soon the children began to listen with anticipation for the creak of the pushcart that announced the arrival of the dietitian outside a classroom with her shelves and baskets of food. Eagerly they scrubbed their hands and pulled on plastic gloves to help with the cooking.

Other Academic Subjects

Although language training is the most crucial item in the academic agenda, mathematics, geography, and other subjects are never entirely overlooked. Many teachers, like Joyce Benjamin in Avoca, N.Y., use the travels of the children as the basis for geography lessons. Miss Benjamin puts up a big map of the eastern seaboard and has each of her 4th- and 5th-graders find his home base and trace his route up the coast. Then they calculate the mileage between camps, talk about the different kinds of clothing worn in Florida and New York, and compare crops.

Rita Kasuga's kindergarten class in Old Fort, Ohio, uses shapes as the vehicle to develop coordination and the ability to follow directions. Through manipulation, drawing, and observing, the little travelers learn to recognize a square, circle, rectangle, diamond, oval, crescent, heart, triangle, cone, and star.

Virginia Johnson uses the experience approach in arithmetic as well as language training. She provides extensive manipulative devices so that her children develop "number senses" before the math symbols are introduced. The problems are based on familiar things—the number of baskets of beans picked by a worker, the distance from one camp to another, the cost of food on a shopping trip, the amount earned by picking 10 pails of cherries.

Preschool

What about preschoolers? The formal educational programs are not babysitting services and cannot become involved ordinarily with children younger than 5. Yet migrant preschoolers need preparation for school more than any other nursery-age children in the country. They also need to be taken out of the back seat of the jalopy where they sometimes wait all day for their parents to finish work. A growing segment of the title I migrant program, therefore, is in early childhood education.

Many communities set up preschool centers along with their summer schools or nearby. In Alpena, Mich., as one example, the 2-, 3-, and 4-year-olds have a special room where they have "pretend tea parties" and the other amenities of nursery school life. In another room, 4- and 5-year-olds participate in both recreation and learning readiness activities. Attendance at the Alpena school, incidentally, goes right up to the 17-year-olds.

One of the most interesting preschool centers is the one serving the Skagit Valley area of northern Washington, off Puget Sound. In 1967, some local people began to worry about the toddlers they saw sitting all day in cars near the fields or staying in the camps with their grandmothers, with no place to play. They took a survey and located some 300 preschool children. They set a precedent by applying for and getting a Federal loan as individuals, not as a branch of government. They set up two centers, in Mount Vernon and Burlington. Parents brought the toddlers in from 5:30 a.m. on. Breakfast was at 7:30.

By the summer of 1968, there were two title I schools in operation in Skagit Valley, but the preschool centers were also going strong. The one at Mount Vernon was being operated within the labor camp by teacher Sharon Peck and eight local high school girls who actually lived in the camp during the strawberry season. Miss Peck recruited volunteers for the center and maintained contact with the parents. The girls worked with the children in the mornings—and helped pick strawberries in the afternoon.

A Few Results

What progress has been made so far? Evaluation tests aren't the best way of measuring the advancement of children who can hardly read English and who are unresponsive to the middle-class orientation of the tests. However, in New York, Arizona, and several other States, tests before and after school terms have shown statistically significant improvement in language patterns and vocabulary for most grades. Tests in Texas appeared to show greater gains for those who had been in special programs for more than a year, indicating a cumulative effect.

There have been no miracles. But here and there a child's eyes have brightened measurably, a small body has been made stronger, an attitude has been altered, a life has been salvaged. Many of these brief sparks of success have already been mentioned in this report, but there are countless others to draw upon.

The class in Hobart, Okla., most of whom tripled their vocabularies in a 6-week summer course; the nonreading 8-year-old in Gibsonburg, Ohio, who rushed through four preprimers in 3 weeks with the use of the Language Master and a tape recorder; his friends who volunteered to write experience stories toward the end of the sessions; the perfect attendance record of one Iowa class; the 12 migrants who learned the rudiments of electric welding in a father-son class in Frederick County, Md.; the parents who worked at and completed a first-aid course in Traverse City, Mich.—all these are small but significant landmarks along the route of educational resurrection.

In Hartville, the celery center of Ohio, the home economics teacher happily noted many early teenage girls who were beginning to put their knowledge to work. They were checking labels on merchandise, talking about which fabrics required the least care—and entertaining family and friends with luncheons prepared at

school. It was the same in Ault, Colo., where Rosalinda and her friends learned to clean ovens, use a sewing machine, shop, and cook for a balanced diet. They also learned to make party favors and, yes, get rid of head lice. The farmers and ranchers who employed their parents were pleased too, because they said the labor camps were being left cleaner than before.

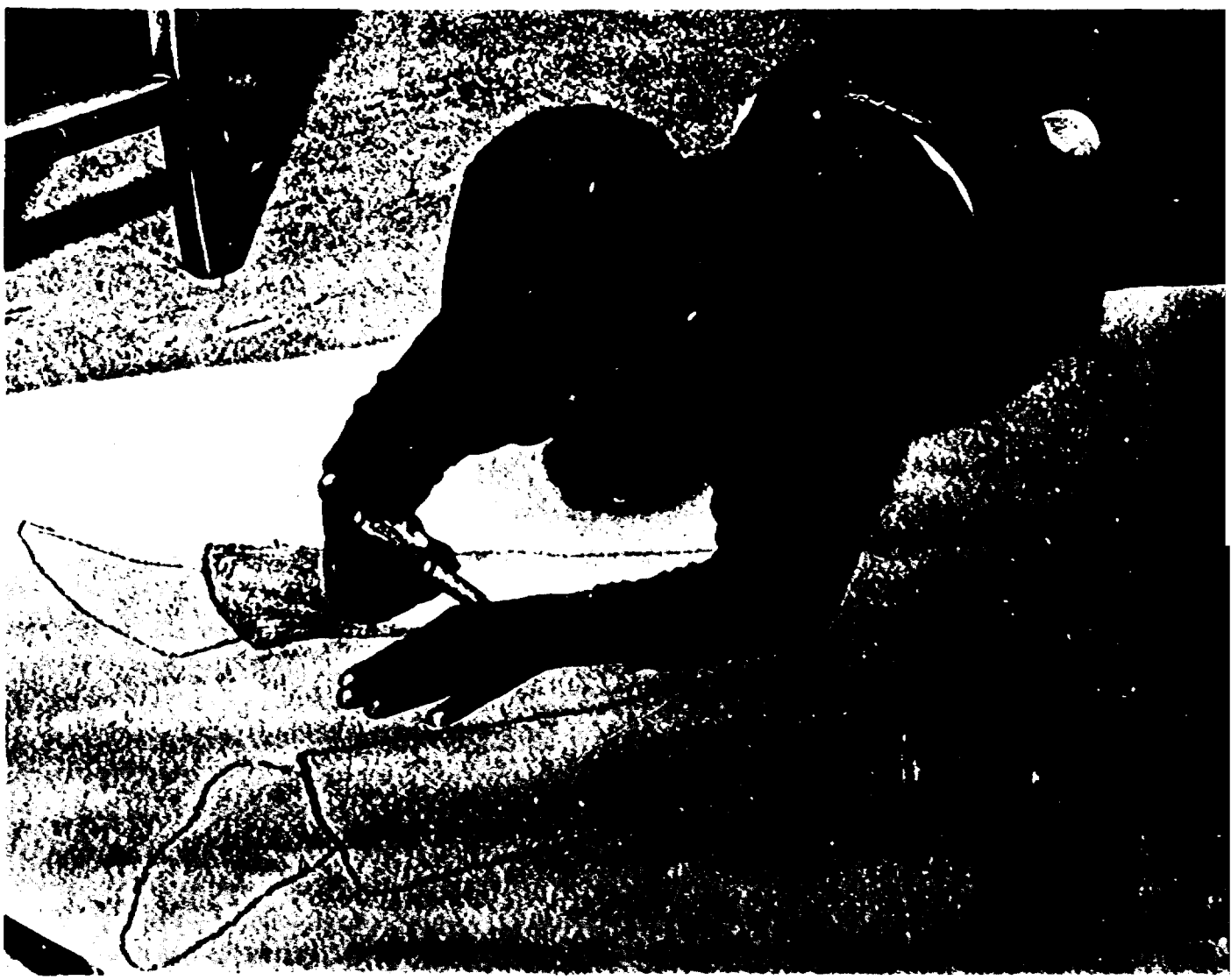
At the finale of the summer school in Dorchester County, Md., after the circus music, the Hawaiian guitars, and the tom-toms, and after the skit about "Casey at the Bat," a small but erect little boy stood before the group and presented a book to the school library, with dignity and simplicity, in memory of a deceased teacher.

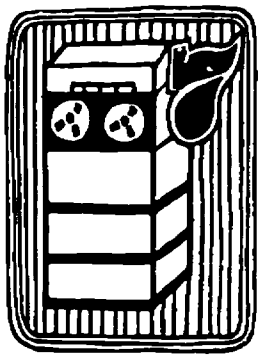
Reported a Connecticut teacher: "Of the 13 students I had during this period, I have seen definite academic success in all but two cases. The group I had wasn't able to recognize the alphabet or the numbers. But three progressed so rapidly that they learned the alphabet and its phonetic sounds. They also learned to count to 100 by units of one and two.

"Another student who didn't talk at all when she came into the class was talking and counting by the end of the 6th week."

In Falls Village, Conn., there were two pairs of sisters who were, according to the teacher, "marvelous opposites." Two sisters were merry and outgoing; the other two were shy and retiring. So the teachers split them up and put each to work with their opposites. In a little while the shy sisters began to have informal "private" conversations with their more assured partners. The four stuck together, singing songs in the station wagon on field trips, learning games, asking each other riddles.

In Carroll County, Md., a chubby 10-year-old girl stood outside school the first day and screamed: "I'm not coming to your old school." At the end of summer, she stood in the same spot and casually waved: "See you all next year." ■





SOME CLOSEUPS

Educating migrant children is a massive undertaking. Anyone looking for some simple nationwide system, some easy formula for getting the youths to school and gaining their confidence, will be disappointed. The crops are different and so, to some extent, are the people and their needs.

There are no quick answers to migrant education, but migrant children all over the country are benefiting from further consolidation of the national effort. The new computerized record transfer system is the best example. In a survey late last year by the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor, migrant educators chose the development of such a system as their primary "unmet need." The other needs, some of which also reflect the necessity for more national coordination, were:

—expansion of the programs to include nonmigrant unemployed agricultural and seasonal workers.

—more ways to interest and involve adult migrants in education.

—bilingual, bicultural tests and curriculum materials drawn from the migrant life experience.

—a new formula for computing the number of eligible students to be served by a State.

—improvement in migrant home life—sanitation, nutrition, etc.

—stronger child labor laws to keep children out of the fields.

—more funds for preschool children, from birth to age 3.

—earlier notice of Federal allocations for State projects.

—better interstate coordination, exchange of teachers, techniques, and recommendations.

—more consideration of the strong possibility that many of the children will not grow up to be migrants, if for no other reason than the lack of demand for farm labor (particularly important because only 12 percent of the programs so far involve secondary schooling).

There isn't a single one of these needs that has not undergone intensive study. Some solutions, including the new tests and curriculum for migrants, are in the works. Whatever progress is made will be rooted in the cooperative efforts of Federal, State, and local governments.

Most of this report has been devoted to fleeting glimpses of individual efforts. The scenes have been flicked on the screen rather like the words the migrant child might see on the Language Master. To pull these impressions together, to demonstrate how much can be accomplished by dedicated people working together, let's take three States and examine their programs in more depth.

California, Arizona, and New Jersey are among the States doing outstanding jobs in migrant education. They are not the only States doing well, and no slight is intended to any of the others, but they offer especially useful examples of what can be done.

California

More migrant workers come into California than into any

other State. Yet this influx accounts for only about 40 percent of the migrant total, the other 60 percent being workers who are home-based in California and move around within the State, occasionally journeying up to Oregon and Washington. The migrants are nearly all Mexican-Americans who speak poor Spanish and often no English at all. Bilingual teachers have always been in short supply.

California has the problems of all the other States magnified several times. Immediately after the passage of Public Law 89-750, California moved forward with great energy and imagination. The Mini-Corps of teacher aides, described earlier, was only one of the many genuinely unusual efforts initiated within the Golden State.

California adopted a philosophy that is still rare in migrant education. Whenever and wherever possible in this State, migrants were to be schooled right along with other children, even in some of the catch-up programs. Other States, notably Texas, have decided that the best way to meet the specialized needs of the traveling farm child is to isolate him in a separate school. California educators disagreed. The advantages of putting migrants into a special school with a shortened academic year are not enough, State officials believed, to offset the advantages in acculturation and language development by integrating them into the regular classroom. There are, of course, a number of summer classes just for migrants or mainly for them, but the basic policy of integration still stands.

In the first year under the new legislation, English was taught to 3,084 children, mostly in grades 7 through 12, by 257 teachers. Only 50 of these teachers could speak Spanish, but communication was facilitated through the hiring of 319 teacher aides, 250 of them bilingual. Inservice training for teachers was stepped up and in 1967 was being provided by 24 local or regional agencies.

There are 44 counties in California where migrant workers are employed. The State Bureau of Community Services and Migrant Education grouped these counties into seven areas, and county superintendents were encouraged to submit proposals in cooperation with each other. Out of this grew such plans as the Regional Migrant Education Demonstration Project, in which three counties in the San Joaquin Valley set up a central office to avoid duplication of effort, cut red tape, and lighten the administrative burden of the 18 individual education centers. There were 10-day training courses for teachers, various tutorial services, and after-hours study sessions. The migrants formed tenant councils in each labor camp and sent representatives to county advisory committees. There were special textbooks, intensive instruction in English as a second language, tutoring, libraries in the camps, and nightly classes for adults.

Four other counties in central California set up a school and health record transfer system, joint teacher training, and other services. Monterey County worked with several agencies, including the Office of Economic Opportunity, to hire migrants as teacher aides and as community liaisons. One feature of this effort was a recreation van with games and playground equipment that made the rounds of the county's labor camps.

Union School District in Santa Clara County had 300 migrant children of its own but it brought in 200 from neighboring districts that lacked facilities. The 6-week program was aimed at cultural enrichment and oral language development. Planning meetings were conducted in Spanish with migrant parents for an advisory committee. "Serve Your Neighbors" was the highly descriptive title of the project.

In Yolo County, west of Sacramento, a small rural district called Esparto-Winters set up four language centers for children who spoke little English. The pupils left their regular classes temporarily and came into the centers in groups of two to six. There were different approaches for each age group; in kindergarten, for instance, the children dramatized play situations.

By 1968, a variety of new techniques in migrant education had been tried and proved on the local level. One involved classrooms that could be trucked around the State, literally following the migrants. It usually is not practical to construct enough permanent classrooms to house a large influx of migrants, because the rooms remain empty for all but a few months of the year. Instead, districts can rent some of the State's 59 portable units and have them ready, looking like great aluminum igloos, for the migrant children when they arrive.

Several California districts concentrated on the health problems of the children. One worked with parents to develop a balanced diet with ethnic appeal to Mexican-Americans. Another provided complete medical examinations for 378 children and followup care, often involving surgery, for the 108 needing it. Children, even those at the preschool level, were then taught personal cleanliness as a precaution to further illness. Tulare County, covering the large area southeast of Fresno, was the site of an experiment to encourage older children to stay out of the fields by finding other jobs for them. Some 30 teenagers worked as clerks, switchboard operators, teacher aides, or in vocational training for 32 hours a week at $1.40 an hour. They went to school 3 hours a day.

Imperial County, on the

Mexican border, sent out a task force of two men and two women to find out exactly how many migrant children were enrolled in its schools—one of the first painstaking surveys of this kind in the Nation. Headed by Refugio Hernandez, chairman of the Imperial Valley Mexican-American Research Committee, the team first questioned school registrars and homeroom teachers and then personally checked out each child listed as a migrant. There were 2,536 in the county under the Federal definition, 85 percent of them Mexican-American. Such detailed surveys were invaluable in tracing migrant patterns and planning schooling.

To help meet the need for more skilled teachers, California set up Migrant Teacher Institutes at five colleges. The course called for 3 weeks of study on campus followed by supervised practical experience in summer schools, then a 2-day critique back on campus at the end of summer. In 1968, 212 teachers, including five from other States, attended these institutes.

Out-of-State coordination has been a major part of the California effort. The State has sent memos, publications, and color films to others that might profit by the California experience. Conferences were held with educators from Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, and Washington to exchange techniques and work toward educational continuity for the children. These contacts were forerunners of the February 1968 meeting at Phoenix, Ariz., in which 21 States agreed to develop a computerized record system.

Education for migrants spread up and down the State. A visitor to Fresno County, which leads the Nation in value of crops and has the largest number of migrants in California, would see a rich panorama. Out at West Side School on a summer afternoon, children would be working on academic subjects in classrooms or enjoying a "cultural enrichment" period that might consist of a hilarious round of Mexican dances, with accompaniment by a high school mariachi band. During recreation hours, the new Olympic-size pool would be filled with small, squirming bodies.

Elsewhere, mini-corpsmen could be found helping children do puzzles that speed their progress in English. On a classroom wall hung color photographs of each child, along with a tape showing his height and a card with his name, weight, age, and other statistics ("the concept of self"). Auditoriums would be full of children covered with paper and paste, working at arts and crafts. One class could be learning to count in Spanish—uno, dos, tres, quatro, and, somewhere else, small voices are singing "Old McDonald Had a Farm" in English.

"When you get to school, you get new ideas and your life changes," comments Josefina Hernandez, a 21-year-old member of the Mini-Corps who was born a migrant child. "Most parents are happy for their children to have an education, but you have to get their confidence."

Reading and picture vocabulary tests show that migrant children are making gains in California. Subjective evidence—the comments of teachers—often goes something like this: "What I saw in the behavioral change of these children was positive. They know that there is something other than poverty, tomato fields and grapes. . . ."

But even the massive California efforts have reached less than half the estimated 80,000 migrant children of school age in the State. A remark made early in the program by Ramiro Reyes, State Director of Migrant Education and the son of a migrant farm worker, is still true: "Until all communities can accept the responsibility for the education and welfare of these youngsters from migrant families—and not just treat them like a commodity to harvest crops—the efforts always will just scratch the surface."

Arizona

Its problems are nowhere near the size of California's, but Arizona is also an interesting example of a State with both home-based and out-of-State migrants. The farmlands are mostly in the irrigated fields of the southern counties such as Yuma, Maricopa, Pima, and Cochise. Here, amid relics of a violent past, where the Apaches made their last stand and where a town called Tombstone has a cemetery called Boot Hill, rich crops of citrus, lettuce, onions, and carrots are grown between irrigation canals.

The camps are busy year-round in Arizona, so the emphasis has been on specialized services and activities for migrant children during the regular school year. Large projects were established at Somerton and Dysart and smaller efforts at Pima and a labor camp called Eleven Mile Corner. Teachers got special training; migrant families were contacted; special classes began; there were field trips to the zoo, a circus, a bird farm, the airport, and the State capitol.

What Arizona has accomplished thus far is perhaps best illustrated by a close look at the demonstration school in Somerton.

The town is in the steaming southwest corner of the State, 10 miles south of Yuma, 9 miles north of the Mexican border. Water from the Colorado River has made this parcel of the Yuma Desert a long-established farming and citrus growing area. The Somerton School is in the middle of town and children come from the surrounding

farms, ranches, and labor camps. Enrollment through the 8th grade averages 950, but it varies by several hundred at a time as the migrants move in and out. There is seldom any way of knowing how many will come to school in any given year. Somerton did what it could to serve the children, but it wasn't until the title I migrant funds became available that a dramatic improvement could be made.

New facilities were added starting with a steel-structured, three-room kindergarten, with sliding partitions for team instruction or individual class work. The kindergarten is run in cooperation with a preschool center operated by the State Migrant Opportunity Program. From age 3, the small children come in and take part in classes and nutritional and health programs.

A school nurse works daily to care for health needs—and some of the migrant children have great needs. Physicians and dentists in the area have pledged continued support. Says one dentist: "When a cute 7-year-old cried with happiness, as she thanked me for fixing her teeth so that she could eat without pain for the first time she could remember, I became a believer."

Other new facilities include space for home economics, industrial arts, and physical education classes, all planned to introduce boys and girls to vocational training and to strengthen their cultural understanding. The physical education program has a kind of built-in bonus. At home, many children have only limited facilities for showering and keeping their clothes clean. So when they put on their gym clothes at school, their regular clothes, including sneakers, are put in washers and dryers. After showering, the children have clean, dry clothes to wear.

For the girls, there's a special program on personal grooming. They are taught some basics of shampooing, make-up, manicures, and personal hygiene. Several beauticians from the town have helped the teachers in developing in the migrant girls' new poise and self-confidence.

The heart of the demonstration school, however, is the resource center. A former gym and auditorium have been refurbished with a lowered ceiling, carpeting, modern lighting, refrigeration, study carrels, shelving, and a wealth of library and audiovisual materials. The center is used by both students and teachers who are getting their inservice training at Somerton. The walls are covered with classroom projects, such as maps of Mexico and Central America. Many migrant children seldom see a daily newspaper or a magazine at home, but here they can browse at leisure. Teachers search through the card catalog for the books, transparencies, filmstrips, or records they want. They preview films in a rear area. Teachers from other migrant schools in that part of the State come in to borrow films from the center.

Adult townspeople also are seen in the resource center, because the Somerton County Library is housed there. Adults, along with high school and college students, do research or come in to borrow books.

One inconspicuous corner is actually a television studio. Instructional programs broadcast from here reach every classroom in the school. Or programs from the regular channels can be relayed.

There are cameras, videotape recorders, and other equipment, some of it portable for classroom use. Sometimes student lessons are videotaped and played back almost immediately. The children see themselves holding a discussion, acting out a play, or reciting a lesson—and they are their own most severe critics. "Let me try it again" is a common demand.

Teachers use the same equipment for their own training, videotaping their presentations and practicing to develop their skills. They also view the work of other teachers and demonstration tapes borrowed from universities.

Teacher training is an important part of this demonstration school. A 2-year program in how to meet the special needs of migrant children was started early in 1967 with the aid of Arizona State University's Reading Center. Objectives were set up for primary, intermediate, and total elementary grades. At workshops, teachers were introduced to basic word recognition and comprehension techniques and diagnostic reading tests. Beginning in 1968, the summer school included a 6-hour college credit course for teachers of migrant children. There were lecture periods and also a practicum, in which the teacher would tutor a child for an hour a day under the supervision of instructors.

So the Somerton project continues. Children seem to do better and better on such tests as the Classroom Reading Inventory, and their education is fun. It includes studying the fearsome snakes and insects collected by science teachers from the desert. It features an occasional junket, maybe to the Marine Air Base near Yuma, and also trips to the local bowling alley—a very painless way to learn arithmetic.

In the Arlington School District, Harquahala Valley, some teachers noticed that during gym period the three pairs of indoor roller skates available were in strenuous demand. One day 36 new pairs appeared and the children were invited to return that evening for a skating party.

The next day, the children wrote stories about this experience. "What they can write," the saying goes, "they can read."

Sometimes the child tells his experience story to a teacher or aide who writes it down. Later the entire class works on

the words and expressions used in the story. Flash cards are made from them for more work in vocabulary building.

A 5th or 6th grade may join the primary class for a field trip. Then a younger child tells his experiences when they get back and an older child writes them down. Or the teacher might take photographs of the children on the trip and assign a color slide to each child, asking him to tell about that part of the trip. Still another self-made textbook could be a self-portrait which the child draws, writing or dictating a story to go with the picture. This, too, is proudly taken home.

New Jersey

Few States take their responsibility to the visiting migrant child more seriously than New Jersey. In 1942, the State legislature provided a modest sum and one school began to work with 68 migrant children. By 1966 there were seven schools and 800 children. Then word came that greatly increased sums of money for migrant education would be available under title I, and the Program for Seasonal and Migrant Families, under Westry Horne, quickly put together a comprehensive expansion plan. In the summer of 1969, some 3,000 to 3,500 children and adults were reached by projects in 13 schools.

From the beginning, the migrant children in the New Jersey schools have had the benefit of some unusual, innovative educational ideas. For example, there was a program of environmental study —nature, arts and crafts, music, modern dance, sports, swimming, and home economics classes taught by a team of college students in Burlington County. The nature study course was conducted by a young law student who was a dedicated naturalist in his spare time; he managed to transmit his enthusiasm to the students.

New Jersey principals learned early that Parents' Nights could be useful, but that they took hard work. On one occasion, 38 of the 39 parents personally contacted for a school event did indeed show up, but only five attended of the more than 50 not contacted directly. New Jersey educators now go into the camps for recruiting and contact work without a bit of hesitation.

The growers appear to be sympathetic. Originally, as in most States, not many were.

Southern New Jersey's large farms have an interesting history. The original English settlers cleared away the thick tangle of woodlands and began to raise fruits and vegetables. After a while, they imported stoop labor from the cities, and many of the workers were Italian immigrants. After several generations of steady advancement, it was the Italians who were owners of many of the big farms in this fertile area. These families who had lifted themselves into security and strength were not always sympathetic to the plight of the newer and more downtrodden minorities—the Negroes and Puerto Ricans.

Some of this attitude, as in other sections of the United States, is changing. "I would like to see these migrants become taxpayers," a New Jersey grower wrote to a recruiting principal. "That means they must have a better life. The way for them to achieve this is through education. Therefore, you are welcome on my farm."

These are some of the components of the regular New Jersey summer program, but there are special activities as well. One is the preschool program introduced in 1968. When the aides and nurses took charge of the infants and toddlers, they set an older sister free, not for the fields but for school. "Preschool workers," wrote Edwin Rosskan in the 1968 report, "must love the human race at its inception. It's a requirement, even if it can't be written down on application forms. They have to pour out genuine affection with the milk and the warm bath water, if the babies are to thrive."

Another special area is the vocational programs. Because there is a vital need throughout the country for people who can perform mundane mechanical tasks, vocational training may be the most practical part of migrant education. In 1967 New Jersey started a pilot program in which both boys and girls got academic, cultural, and manual skill training. There was a dressmaking project for the girls, a woodworking course for boys. By 1969 the State had two vocational schools set up on a permanent basis and three mobile units.

The three mobile units (32-foot trailers) offer courses in auto repair, supermarket jobs, and assembly line skills. The latter gives the student a passport to any industrial area, and the other two are needed in nearly every American city and town.

Of the 100 students in these vocational programs one summer, 18 got local jobs and apparently left the migrant stream. Others left town and some of them presumably have taken permanent jobs elsewhere. In any event, the New Jersey vocational operation is successful enough so that other States often have asked for advice from James Roberts, who heads the program.

The New Jersey migrant educators attempt to provide supportive services throughout the year for the children of migrant workers who are trying to stick it out in the North in order to stay out of the stream. As for the summer programs, in 1969 there were two notable exceptions to the general statewide procedure.

One was in Cedarville, a small town near the southwest coastline of New Jersey where the Delaware River broadens into Delaware Bay. The land drifts into marshes at the shore; there is little in the way of

beach development. This is no tourist area like New Jersey's Atlantic coast, but the farmland is prosperous. There are rural slums and numbers of migrant labor camps, some of them near a crabbing spot known as Money Island.

Here in Cedarville a slim, intense young educator named Gino Baruffi conducted a summer program that differed from the State plan by placing much more emphasis on sensitivity training for teachers. Mr. Baruffi, long interested in migrant education, is a consultant in the State Office of Child and Youth Study. His summer school got underway with a 2-day course for the teachers conducted by the office director, Dr. Julia W. Gordon.

"After working with migrants over the past few years, I believe strongly that nothing can be done for these children without taking that first step of making them see themseves as worthwhile human beings," says Mr. Baruffi. "You can't approach this as a regular school, and traditional standards are a joke. But they can and will learn if they're truly accepted for what they are. What it comes down to is that you need very sensitive teachers, which means that, first of all, the teachers must know themselves."

The nine teachers selected by Gino Baruffi and field director Sal Tronco included several young professionals from New Jersey's State college system and about an equal number of older teachers from nearby districts. Both the white and black races were well represented. One of the most beloved teachers was a formidable lady who sometimes came to school in the dump truck she used to help out in her husband's hauling business.

Dr. Gordon first instructed the group in the essentials of sensitivity training, stressing the "assumptions" of this behavioral technique: That there are reasons why people behave as they do; that the causes of behavior are multiple, complex, and interrelated; that a person is a whole; that each person is unique; that every human being is inherently valuable; and that democratic processes are the best means we have for respecting and valuing individuals.

Classes began in early July 1969 in the modern Myron L. Powell Elementary School on the edge of town.

The children, most of them from migrant camps, were given academic and self-concept tests, the latter being the Q-sort test in which the child divides pictures into piles, one for those that are like him all the time, one for some of the time, and one for things he never does. Repeated tests showed that academic performance is related to improvement in self-concept.

The school sessions included training in English, other State-directed programs, plus extra features such as songfests and, on one particular day, the appearance of a large black dog. The art teacher had brought along his pet to let the children see his bright eyes and touch his warm fur, wet nose, and tail—an "experience of the senses." Perhaps the common denominator of the entire school is loving care.

The teachers, too, were learning. At the direction of Dr. Gordon, each kept a daily diary of his or her own feelings. Every teacher studied one individual child in depth and wrote his case history. Late in the term, Dr. Gordon returned to discuss this material with the staff to help them understand their own motivations and emotions.

Says Mr. Baruffi: "Money is not the answer to educating migrant children, helping them break out of the poverty cycle —at least not the only answer. Getting the physical things is the easiest part. What is difficult, and what must be done, is to make these families functional in our society.

"We have to go a lot further than we've gone in counseling the parents as well as trying to educate the children."

Fifteen miles up the road, in the relatively large town of Vineland, an experiment of a totally different nature is still in progress. Here, in an unmarked brick building that once was a supermarket, is the Micro-Social Learning Center of Dr. Myron Woolman, an 18-month program in which 153 disadvantaged children are being taught, among other things, to read before the 1st grade.

Unlike the Baruffi program and the bulk of traditional education for the disadvantaged, the Woolman project has little to do with love and kindness. Nor is there any particular stress on individual coaching. With the help of one aide per class and an occasional parent, three teachers each handle a class of 25 children. There are two sessions, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Dr. Woolman, who once fashioned simulators to teach pilots how to fly bombers, has set up this project as a "life simulator system." The idea is to develop self-reliance, so that the children will not have to depend on the love of a teacher but will instead develop the kind of interaction skills that will enable them to function in the world at large.

The aims of the Micro-Social Center are:

—to generate the basic speech pool for 1st grade performance to about 2,000 words.

—to develop a reading capability of 300 words.

—to provide a situation conducive to the development of social interaction skills.

—to develop task involvement and goal-related behavior, improving motivation to reach goals.

The children weren't selected for any particular aptitude. The only requirement was that they be about 4½ years old, that their family incomes be below

the poverty level, and that their parents be migrants. From this group, the Vineland School Board chose 153 children at random. Most were Negro or Puerto Rican.

They came, for 2½ hours a day, to an airy, carpeted classroom. There are no bright sayings on the walls, no class projects on display, few if any pictures. Everything is sparse and functional and the children sit, not at rows of desks, but around five modules or carrels, six to a module. They work in pairs—a key principle of the system—on a succession of subjects: Common forms, body parts, food, household objects, nature, classroom, community, other lands. Each of these is covered in a workbook designed by Dr. Woolman's organization, in which clusters of ideas are mastered through a form of programed instruction.

"The first common geometric form to be taken up was a vertical line, followed by a horizontal line," Dr. Woolman explains. "Other forms followed and soon the children were putting the lines and circles together to make recognizable objects, including letters. But we didn't tell them what the letters were—that came later."

The six-child modules are sectioned in threes, so that each pair of children works together on the books. They also help one another with other parts of the program, such as bringing in easels for artwork and lifting blocks which are deliberately made too heavy for one child. Each must depend on his partner, and together they progress from the first module to the last, as they master a lesson. Then partners are changed and there is a new personality to bank on and work with. Teachers and aides also shift classrooms at intervals. Thus, the little migrant children, if the program is successful, develop their own hierarchy and learn to cope with life.

All this can be observed by staff members, visitors, and interested parents through one-way windows (mirrors inside the rooms). There are carpeted grandstands in each viewing area.

On the first day of school in the spring of 1969, the children arrived in their finest and brightest clothes, carefully groomed by hopeful parents. The children were more or less turned loose in the room, the only caution being an effort to keep them from hurting themselves jumping off tables and chairs. The teachers gradually gained their attention, and when the youngsters finally approached the modules, it seemed to be of their own free will.

One small, chubby boy stayed in the corner and cried without interruption. He arrived promptly the next day, took up his position in the corner, and resumed crying. The day after that, when the class was settling down to work, he looked on curiously. Once he crept up and touched a workbook, then scurried back to the corner. By the end of the week, he would linger with the group for 5 or 10 minutes at a time, and soon he no longer went to the corner nor cried. He is now one of the school's faster movers through the modules.

When a child disrupts things or misbehaves in any way, discipline is enforced through a device called the Learner Guidance Interview Form. First he is told to go over by the wall, away from the group, and after a while an aide comes to him and calmly asks four questions, noting the answers on her L.G.I.F. card: "Do you know why you're here?" "Do you know what to do in the room with your teacher?" "Do you want to stay here or go back?" and "Do you know what to do?" If the response is yes to all questions, the matter ends. Otherwise the child remains isolated, and a little later the teacher goes over and asks the same four questions. Should the response still be negative, the child goes to the school office and after a 15-minute wait, the same four questions are again asked, this time by Mrs. Pauline Petway, the briskly efficient administrator of the center.

This "nonthreatening" discipline has been very effective. The major problems have been with language difficulties. Little Edwin Santiago, for instance, at first answered each question by reciting his name because that was just about all he knew how to say.

This preelementary phase ended in September 1970 when half the graduates went on to regular first grade in Vineland schools, and the other half continued their education under the Woolman system.

Is it working? The children are obviously enjoying school and they are moving through their workbooks at a good pace, depending on no one except their partners. The Micro-Social teachers—all recruited locally, including Mrs. Petway, and given 3 weeks of training—defend Dr. Woolman's concepts, although it's not always easy for them.

"Sure, it's not easy to ignore a beautiful little child who comes over and tugs at your arm," says one teacher, an attractive young woman. "But it's better for them if we follow the procedure. In this case, pay no attention until the child goes back to his seat, and then ask him what he wanted."

Thus in one State, the education of migrant children includes a vast array of theories, procedures, examples of personal courage, and dedication. More children are being helped than just the migrants. The experiments in learning, from life simulators to sensitivity training to practical vocational training, all will advance the art and science of education. They will eventually benefit the general population with results finding their way into homogeneous suburban schoolrooms and tense big city slums. ■

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